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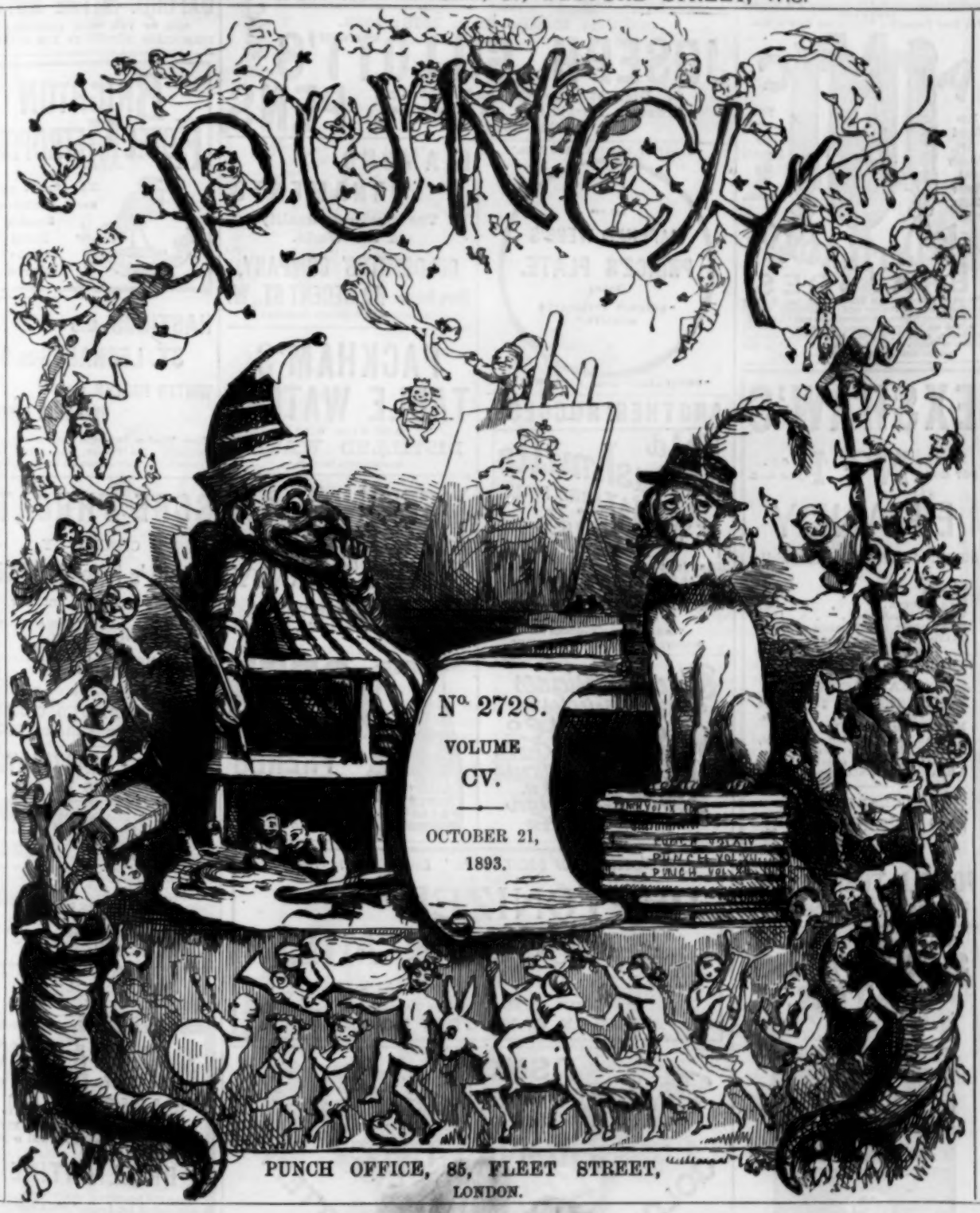

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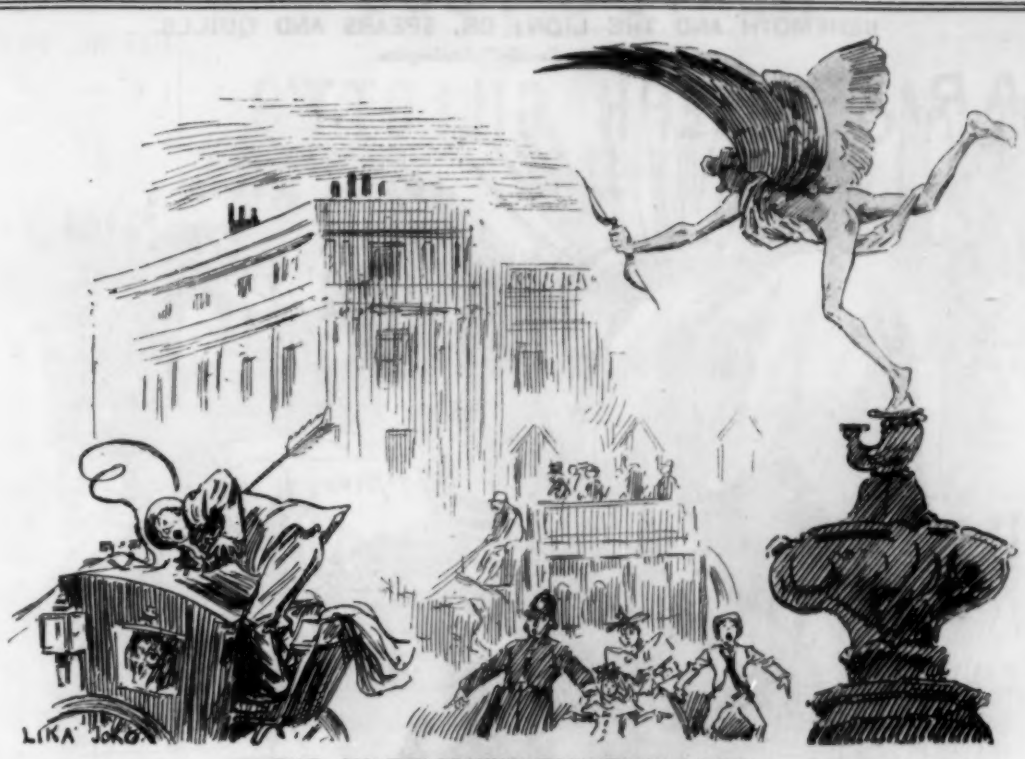


THE SHAFTESBURY FOUNTAIN AGAIN.

Sensational Incident in Piccadilly Circus, as seen by Our Artist.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(*From our Correspondent on the Spot.*)

There or Thereabouts, Saturday.

I hope you will not believe all you hear. I am told that the messages are tampered with, but this I trust to get through the lines without difficulty. It is being carried by a professional brigand disguised as a monk.

First let me disabuse the minds of your readers about the blowing up of the hospital. It is quite true that the place was sent spinning into the air. But the patients were put to the minimum of inconvenience. They were removed from the wards without being called upon to quit their beds. They went somewhere after returning to the ground, but where I do not know. Some of the local doctors say that the change of air (caused by the explosion) may have done them good. It is not impossible.

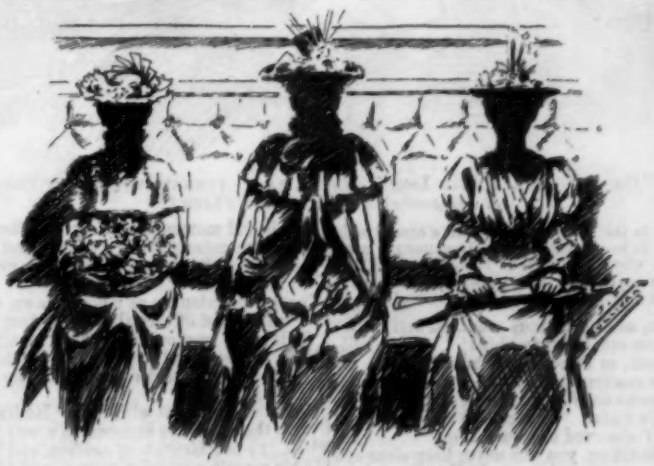
I am glad to be able to contradict the report that the Stock Exchange and the apple-stall at the corner were both bombarded. This is a deliberate falsehood. The Stock Exchange, it is true, was razed to the ground, but the apple-stall escaped uninjured. This is an example of the reckless fashion in which reports are circulated.

Then about the burning of the city. It is certainly true that the place was set alight in two hundred places at once. But the day was cold, and I think it was only done because the troops wanted to warm their hands. You must not believe all you hear, and it is unwise to impute motives before receiving explanations. The people here are warm-hearted and sympathetic, and the soldiers (as a body) are the mildest-mannered persons imaginable.

And the report about the blowing-up of the bridges. Here again there has been gross exaggeration. The bed of the river, in spite of reports to the contrary, was left undisturbed. Only the stone-work was sent spinning, and yet some reporters insist that everything was blown into smithereens! Reporters really should be more careful.

And now I must conclude, as my brigand, disguised as a priest, is just off.

As a parting request, I would urge upon my stock-brokers to buy. We are sure to have a rise presently, and I predict this with the greater confidence as I know that the house in which I am writing is undermined.



WASTED SWEETNESS.

A heartrending Study of Shadow on the Underground Railway!

The *P. M. Magazine* goes in for discussion of Bi-metallism. Sir John Lubbock writes about "The Case for Gold," and Mr. Vicary Gibbs, M.P., about "The Case for Silver." Considering the relative value of the metals, the case for gold ought to be out and away the stronger of the two, impregnable, and burglar-proof, so that it could be advertised thus: "It's no use having gold unless you have Sir John Lubbock's 'case for gold' to keep it in."

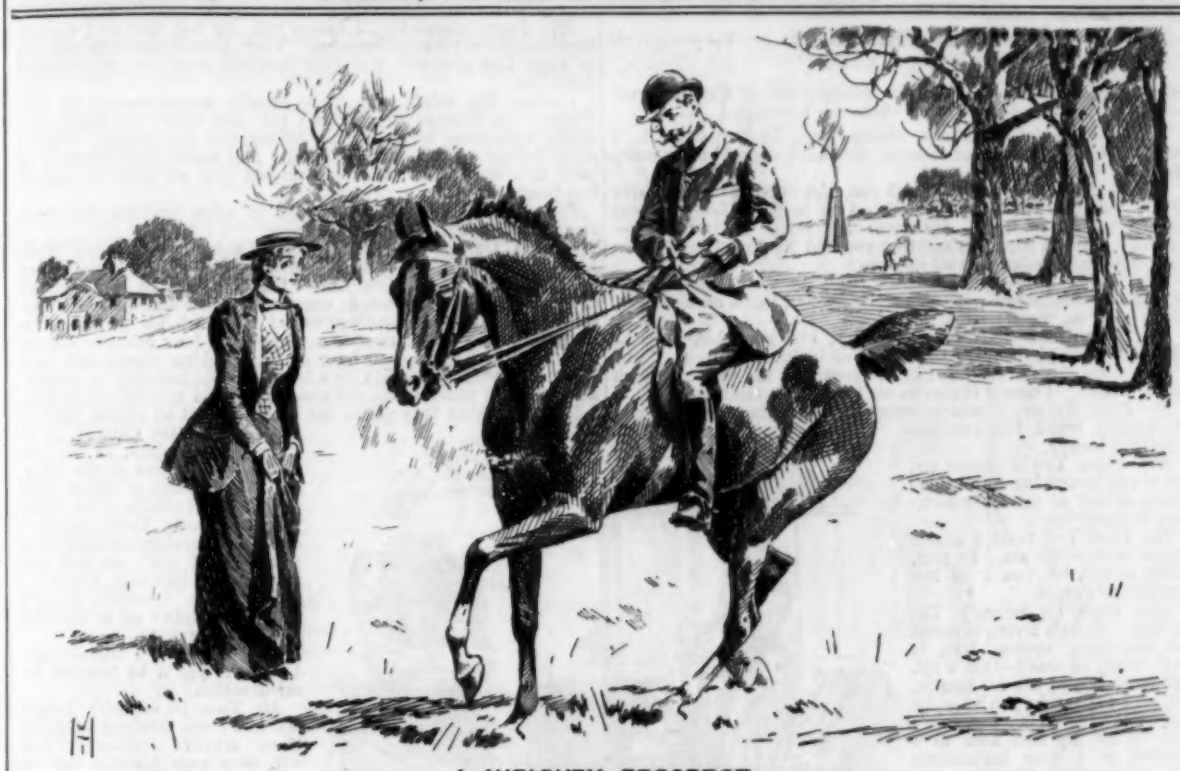
BEHEMOTH AND THE LION; OR, SPEARS AND QUILLS.

A Fable for Pseudo-Philanthropists.

Philanthropist Press-Man. "OH STOP, STOP, MISTER LION! WAIT A BIT! PERHAPS THE PRETTY CREATURE MEANS NO HARM!"
Leo (curtly). "*LOOK AT HIS TEETH!*"

[MR. RIDER HAGGARD (writing to the *Times*) remarks that a considerable section of the English Press seems to be of opinion that LOBENGULA is an innocent and worthy savage, on whom a quarrel is being forced by the Chartered Company for its own mercenary ends. He suggests that the appearance of an armed Matabele impi in Mayfair might alter their views.]

"BEHEMOTH is big and black, and monstrous-mouthed and tooth-full,
But to say he is carnivorous were cruelly untruthful!"
So quoth the Querulous Quillman, or Pen-armed Philanthropist,
Whose intellect seems ever in a sentimental mist.
Now Leo, little given to read books on Natural History,
Was watchful of Dame Nature's *facts*. "It seems to me a mystery
My querulous Press Porcupine," observed the wary Lion. [on.
"That what you've set your heart on, you can never keep clear eye
Look at his teeth!" "Oh, nonsense!" cried the Querulous Quillman, quoting
From a book on Big Mammalia, to which he'd been devoting
All his odd moments recently. "Those tusks may look terrific,
But the monster's graminivorous, and pleasant, and pacific.
They're solely meant for cutting grass! Huge uppers and big lowers,
Though threatening as ripping-saws, are harmless as lawn-mowers.
As weapons of offence they're seldom used, so here 'tis stated,
'Unless the creature's wounded sore, or greatly irritated.'
He is innocent and worthy, this Titanic-jawed Colossus.
Those gleaming tusks won't 'chump' you, he won't trample us, or toss us,
Unless we interfere with him. He likes to stand there grinning,
With those terrible incisors, in a way which mayn't be winning,
Still, *'t s but his style of smiling*, and it's not his fault, poor fellow!
If his maw's a crimson cavern, and his tusks are huge and yellow."
Behemoth meanwhile snorted in his own earthquaky fashion,
And yawned, and lashed and trampled like a tiger in a passion.



A WEIGHTY PROSPECT.

The Captain (who has just been giving a spin to his last purchase, for his Wife's inspection). "Good goer, ain't he? And a full Fourteen-Stone Horse, you know!"

Young Wife (as yet somewhat innocent in horsey matters). "Oh, I'm sure he's *more* than that, dear. Why, *Mamma* weighs nearly as much!"

By the gleaming of his optics, and the clashing of his tushes,
He *seemed* to be preparing for the Ugliest of Rushes.
Quoth Leo, "Good friend Porcupine, you *may* be quite prophetic,
And I a bit 'too previous.' Your picture's most pathetic;
But I've seen your pachydermatous Poor Innocent when furious,
And for a gentle graminivorous creature, it is curious
How he'll run amuck like a Malay, and crunch canoes and foes up,
With those same tusks, which might have made a Mammoth turn his toes up.
So if you please, friend Porcupine, your quills I shall not trust again
To meet those spears, which hate would wash—in blood, 're they should rust again.
Mere quills won't quell an Impi, or make Behemoth good-neighbourly.
Leo must guard this spot, where British enterprise and labour lie,
The Monster seems to meditate attack, if *I* may judge of him,
So let *me* have the first slap at, whilst you keep on scribbling fudge of him!

Moral.

It may appear superfluous to point this fable's moral;
But—teeth that could crush chain-mail seem scarce shaped for mumbling coral!

A LETTER HOME.

(From our Youngest Contributor.)

My dear Mr. Punch,—This is about the last letter you will receive from me. I know it is, as all will soon be over! And I shall be glad of it. I can't last out until the Christmas holidays. Who could with such food? Why, it would make a dog cough!

It's no use learning anything. Why should I, when it will be all over almost directly? What's the good of Latin and Greek if you are going to chuck it almost at once? And mathematics, too! What use are they if the end is near? It's all very well to cram, but what's the good of it when you know you won't survive to eat the plum pudding?

There's no news. There's never any news. Smith Minor has got his cap for football, and Snooks Major is going up to Oxford instead of Cambridge. What does it matter when the beef is so tough that you might sole your boots with it? And as for the mutton! Well, all I can say is, that it isn't fit for human food, and the authorities should be told about it. As for me, I am passing away. No one will ever see me more. For all that, you might send me a hamper. Your affectionate friend, Jacky.

STAR-GAZING.

["Astronomy has become a deservedly fashionable hobby with young ladies."]

My love is an astronomer,
Whose knowledge I rely on,
She'll talk about, as I prefer,
The satellites of Jupiter,
The nebulous Orion.

When evening shades about us fall
Each hour too quickly passes.
We take no heed of time at all,
When studying celestial
Phenomena through glasses.

The salient features we descry
Of all the starry pattern;
To see with telescopic eye
The citizens of Mars we try,
Or speculate on Saturn.

To find another planet still
If ever we're enabled,
The world discovered by her skill
As "Angelina Tomkyns" will
Triumphantly be labelled.

The likeness of the stars elsewhere
By day we view between us,
We recognise the Greater Bear,
I grieve to say, in Tomkyns *père*,
And close at hand is Venus!

In fact, the editorial note
Above, which is of course meant
To lead more ladies to devote
Attention to the stars, I quote
With cordial endorsement!

"In the Name of the Prophet!"—Which is the right way of spelling the name of the Prophet of Islam? Is it Mohammed? Mahomet? Muhammed? or Mahomed? Are his followers Mohammedans? Mahommedans? Mahometans? Moslems? Mussulmen? or Muslims? Perhaps, to adapt *Mr. Mantalini's* famous summary, and merely substituting "all" for "both," and "none of 'em" for "neither," we may say "So all are right, and none of 'em wrong, upon our life and soul, O demmit!"

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE IX.—CHARLES COLLIMORE'S *Sitting-room at Keppel Street, Bloomsbury.* TIME—*Saturday afternoon.*

Mrs. Cagney (*the landlady, showing* Mr. TOOVEY *in*). Oh, I thought Mr. COLLIMORE had come in, Sir, but I expect him in every minute. Will you take a seat?

Mr. Toovey (*sitting down*). Thank you, I'm in no hurry—no hurry at all. (*To himself.*) CORNELIA wished me to put a few questions quietly to the landlady. I suppose I'd better do it while—(*Aloud.*) Hem, I hope, Ma'am, that you find Mr. COLLIMORE a—an unexceptionable lodger—in all respects?

Mrs. Cagn. (*crossing her hands stiffly in front of her*). Mr. COLLIMORE conducks hisself as a gentleman, and treats me as a lady, which is all *my* requirements.

Mr. Toov. Quite so—very satisfactory, I'm sure, but—does he keep fairly regular hours? Or is he at all inclined to be—er—fast?

Mrs. Cagn. (*on her guard*). I can't answer for the time his watch keeps, myself. I dessay it goes as reg'lar as what most do.

Mr. Toov. No, no; I was referring to his habits. I mean—does he usually spend his evenings quietly at home?

Mrs. Cagn. You'll excuse *me*, but if you're arsking me all these questions out of mere himpertinent curiosity——

Mr. Toov. I—I trust I have a higher motive, Ma'am. In fact, I may as well tell you I am Mr. COLLIMORE'S uncle.

Mrs. Cagn. (*to herself*). The old fox! So he's trying to ferret out something against him, is he? Well, he *won't*—that's all. (*Aloud.*) If you *are* his huncle, Sir, all I can say is, you've got a nephew to be proud on. I wouldn't wish to let my first floor to a steadier or a more industrious young gentleman; comes in punctual to a tick every night of his life and 'as his dinner, and sets studyin' his book till 'alf-past ten, which is his bed-time. I don't know what more you want.

Mr. Toov. (*to himself*). This is really very satisfactory—if I could only believe it. (*Aloud.*) But do I understand you to say that that is his invariable practice? Occasionally, I suppose, he goes out to a place of amusement—such as a music-hall, now?

Mrs. Cagn. (*to herself*). Well, he may; and why not? He don't get into no mischief, though light-'earted. *I* ain't going to give him a bad name. (*Aloud.*) Lor, Sir, don't you go and put such ideas into his 'ed. Bless your 'art alive, if he knows there *are* such places, it's as much as he does know!

Mr. Toov. (*testily*). Now, now, my good woman, I'm afraid you're trying to deceive me. I happen to know more about my nephew's tastes and pursuits than you imagine.

Mrs. Cagn. (*roused*). Then, if you know so much, whatever do you come 'ere and ask *me* for? It's my belief you ain't up to no good, for all you look so respectable, comin' into my 'ouse a-pokin' your nose into what don't concern you, for all the world like a pollpryin', sneakin' Russian spy!

Charles (*entering behind her*). Hallo, Mrs. CAGNEY, what's all this—who's a Russian spy, eh? (*Recognising* MR. TOOVEY.) What—Uncle! you don't mean to say it's *you*?

[MR. TOOVEY *stands stricken with confusion.*

Mrs. Cagn. I may have spoke too free, Mr. COLLIMORE, Sir, but when a party, as is elderly enough to know better, tries to put under'and questions to me about where and 'ow any o' my gentlemen pass their hevenins, and if they go to the music-'all and what not—why, I put it to you——

Charles. All right, Mrs. CAGNEY, put it to me some other time; you didn't understand my uncle, that's all—you needn't stay. Oh, by the way, I'm dining out again this evening. Tell CAGNEY to leave the chain, as I may be late. (*After* Mrs. C. *has retired.*) Well, Uncle, I'm afraid your diplomacy hasn't had quite the success it deserved.

"Mr. Collimore conducks hisself as a gentleman, and treats me as a lady."

Mr. Toov. (*sheepishly*). I assure you, my boy, that I—I was not inquiring for my own satisfaction. Your Aunt is naturally anxious to know how you—— But your landlady gave you an excellent character.

Charles. She didn't seem to be equally complimentary to *you*, Uncle. "A Russian spy," wasn't it? But really, you know, you might have come to me for any information you require. *I* don't mind telling you all there is to tell. And surely Aunt knows I've been to a music-hall; why, she pitched into me about it enough last Sunday!

Mr. Toov. I—I think she wanted to know whether you went frequently, CHARLES, or only that once.

Charles. Oh, and so she sent you up to pump my landlady? Well, I'll tell you exactly how it is. I don't set up to be a model young man like your friend CUPHEW. I don't spend all my evenings in this cheerful and luxurious apartment. Now and then I find the splendour of the surroundings rather too much for me, and I'm ready to go anywhere, even to a music-hall, for a change. There, I blush to say, I spend an hour or two, smoking cigars, and even drinking a whisky and soda, or a lemon squash, listening to middle-aged ladies in sun-bonnets and accordion skirts singing out of tune. I don't know that they amuse me much, but, at all events, they're livelier than Mrs. CAGNEY. I'm dining out to-night, at the Criterion, with a man at the office, and it's as likely as not we shall go in to the Valhalla or the Eldorado afterwards. There, you can't say I'm concealing anything from you. And I don't see why you should groan like that, Uncle.

Mr. Toov. (*feebly*). I—I'd rather you didn't go to the—the Eldorado, CHARLES.

Charles. There's ingratitude! I thought you'd be touched by my devotion.

Mr. Toov. (*to himself*). I *can't* tell him I was thinking of going there myself! (*Aloud.*) You will show your devotion best by keeping away. The less young men go to such places, my boy, the better!

Charles. Not for *you*, Uncle. You forget that it's the humble five bob of fellows like me that help to provide your next dividend.

Mr. Toov. (*wincing*). Don't, CHARLES, it—it's ungenerous and undutiful to reproach me with being a shareholder when you know how innocently I became one!

Charles. But I *wasn't* reproaching you, Uncle, it was rather the other way round, wasn't it? And really, considering you *are* a shareholder in the Eldorado, it's a little too strong to condemn me for merely going there.

Mr. Toov. I—I may not be a shareholder long, CHARLES. Unless I can conscientiously feel able to retain my shares I shall take the first opportunity of selling them.

Charles. But why, Uncle? Better stick to them now you have got them!

Mr. Toov. What? with the knowledge that I was profiting by practices I disapproved of? Never, CHARLES!

Charles. But you can't *sell* without making a profit, you know; they've gone up tremendously.

Mr. Toov. Oh, dear me! Then, do you mean that I shouldn't even be morally justified in selling them? Oh, you don't think *that*, CHARLES?

Charles. That's a point you must settle for yourself, Uncle, it's beyond me. But, as a dutiful nephew, don't you see, I'm bound to do all I can in the meantime to keep up the receipts for you, if I have to go to the Eldorado every evening and get all the fellows I know to go too. Mustn't let those shares go down, whether you hold on or sell, eh?

Mr. Toov. (*horrified*). Don't make me an excuse for encouraging young men to waste precious time in idleness and folly. I won't allow it—it's abominable, Sir! You've put me in such a state of perplexity by all this, CHARLES, I—I hardly know where I am! Tell me, are you really going to the Eldorado this evening?

Charles. I can't say; it depends on the other fellow. But I will

if I can get him to go, for your sake. And I'm afraid I ought to go and change, Uncle, if you'll excuse me. Make yourself as comfortable as you can. Here's to-day's *Pink 'Un*, if you haven't seen it.

Mr. Toov. I'm not in the habit of seeing such periodicals, Sir. And I must be going. Oh, by the bye, your Aunt wished me to ask you to come down and dine and sleep on Monday next. THEA will be back, and I believe Mr. CURPHEW has got a free evening for once. Shall I tell her you will come, CHARLES?

Charles. Thanks; I'll come with pleasure. But, I say, Aunt doesn't want to give me another lecture, I hope? After all, she can't say much if you've told her about those shares, as I suppose you have.

Mr. Toov. N—not yet, CHARLES. I have not found a convenient opportunity. There, I can't stay—good-bye, my boy.

[*He takes his leave.*

END OF SCENE IX.

SCENE X.—*In the Street.*

Mr. Toovey (*to himself*). I'm afraid CHARLES has lost every particle of respect for me. I wish I had never told him about those wretched shares. And what *am* I to do now? If I go to this Eldorado place, he may be there too; and, if he sees me, I shall never hear the last of it! And yet my mind will never be easy unless I do go and see for myself what it really is like. That young CURPHEW expects me to go. But I don't know, I do so dread the idea of going—alone, too! I should like to ask somebody else what he thinks I ought to do—somebody who is a man of the world. I wonder if I went to see LARKINS—he won't be in his office so late as this, but I might catch him in his chambers. It was all through him I got into this difficulty; he ought to help me out of it if he can. I really think I might take a cab and drive to Piccadilly, on the chance. [*He hails a Hansom, and drives off.*

END OF SCENE X.

CARR-ACTORS AT "THE COMEDY."

WHEN we have two original plays like PINERO'S *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and GRUNDY'S *Sowing the Wind*, we may congratulate ourselves that they do *not* "do these things better in France." *Mrs. Tanqueray* is a life-like tragedy, and *Sowing the Wind* a life-like comedy. It was a pleasure to congratulate Mr. ALEXANDER at the St. James's on his choice of a piece, and of the company to suit it, especially on the engagement of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL for the heroine; and now it is equally pleasant to congratulate a *confrère* in literature, Mr. COMYNS CARR, on having made so eminently successful a *début* in theatrical management, as he has done in choice of the piece and of the company to play it.

A Portrait from M-Emery. Emery Powder and polish'd performance.

It is a canon of comedy-construction that from the first, the audience should be let into the secret of the *dénouement*, but that they should be puzzled as to the means by which that end is to be achieved. This play is an excellent example of the rule. Everybody knows who the heroine is from the moment of her appearance; but as to how she, the illegitimate daughter, is to be recognised and acknowledged by her father, this is the problem that no one except the dramatist, in the course of four acts, can solve. It is a very clever piece of workmanship. In these modern matter-of-fact realistic days, fancy the awful danger to any play in which a father has to discover his long-lost child! The strawberry mark on the left arm, the amulet, the duplicate miniature of the mother—these ways and means, and many others, must occur to the playgoer, and must have presented themselves at the outset to the author, flattering himself on his originality, as difficulties almost insuperable because so stagey, so worn threadbare, so out of date.

Over these difficulties Mr. GRUNDY has triumphed, and with him triumph the actors and the stage-manager; as, for the most part, except when there is a needless conventional "taking the centre" for supposed effect, the stage management is as admirable as the acting and the dialogue, which is saying a great deal, but not a bit too much.

BRANDON AND MONKEY BRAND-ON.

Mr. Brandon Thomas Brabazon (*to Cyril Maude Watkin*). "I know that face. I've seen it on the hoardings."

Watkin (*faintly*). "It won't wash!" [*Collapses.*

Mr. BRANDON THOMAS and Miss EMERY have never done anything better. The former with his peculiar north-country "burr," and with his collars and general make up reminding many of the G. O. M., whilst Mr. IAN ROBERTSON as the wicked old Lord is not unlike the pictures of the Iron Duke when Lord DOURO. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE, as representing the slangy, sporting, about-town Baronet of the Tom-and-Jerry day, is a kind of *Goldfinch* in *The Road to Ruin*, with a similar kind of catchword, which I suppose, on Mr. GRUNDY'S authority [though I do not remember the expression nor the use of the word "chuck" in *Tom and Jerry*—the authority for Georgian era slang] was one of the slang phrases of that period. For my part (a very small part), I am inclined to credit Mr. GRUNDY with the invention of "smash my topper," and of the introduction of "chuck it" into eighteenth century London slang.

Admirable are the quaint sketches of character given by Miss ROSE LECLERCQ and Miss ANNIE HUGHES. Manly and lover-like is Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH. In the dramatic unfolding of the plot, faultlessly acted as it is, the audience from first to last are thoroughly interested. Here and there, speeches and scenes would be all the better for some judicious excision. When you are convinced, further argument weakens the case, and I confess I should like to hear that ten minutes' worth of dialogue had been taken out of the parts played by Mr. BRANDON THOMAS and Miss WINIFRED EMERY. But this is a small matter—a very small matter. To sum up, it is good work and good play, and so the new manager and lessee is at this present moment a Triumphal CARR.

Portrait of the Great Duke of Wellington, when Marquis of Douro, by Mr. Ian Robertson.

Q. Why was there at one time a chance of the *Times*, which has always been up to date, ever being behind time?—*A.* Because formerly there was so much *Delayin'!!*

MOTTO FOR LADIES WHO "GRUB SHORT" TO AVOID OBESITY.—Grace before Meat!

Nulli Secundus.

(*By a Lover of the Links.*)

LYTTLETON asks—great cricketer, for shame!—
If Golf—Great Scot!!!—is quite "a first-class game."
Well, if first-class it cannot quite be reckoned,
'Tis that it stands alone, and hath no second!

A PROTEST.

"AND PRAY, AM I *NEVER* TO BE NAUGHTY, MISS GRIMM?"

"L'UNION FAIT LA—FARCE!"

["France turns from her abandoned friends afresh
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh."
—CAMPBELL.]

YES, history here doth repeat itself verily!
Fancy fair France, in Republican rig,
"Soothing the Bear" again; footing it merrily
In—well now, what *is* the name of this jig?
Cancan, or *Carmagnole*? Blend of the two?
Anyhow, 'tis a most strange "*Pas de Deux*"!

Policy makes pride and principles plastic,
And 'tis most true that extremes often meet;
Yet as a sample of joint "Light Fantastic"
This dual dance must be baddish to beat.
Beauty and Beast *vis-à-vis* in the dance,
Were scarce funnier partners than Russia and France.

Autocrat Bruin, can he really relish
The larkish high-kick, the tempestuous twirl,
That risky Republican dances embellish?
And she—a political "Wallflower," poor girl!—
Can she truly like the strange partner that fate
Apportions her, lumpish, unlovely, and late?

Like 'Arry and 'Arriet out for a frolic,
They 've interchanged head-gear, by curious hap!
Of what is this strange substitution symbolic?
The Autocrat crown and the Phrygian cap
They 've "swopped," but they both most uneasily sit,
And each for the other appears a poor fit.

That Liberty cap upon Bruin's brown noddle!
That crown—much awry—on the Beauty's fair head!
Absurd! And the Bear's heavy lumbering waddle
Sorts oddly enough with the lady's light tread.
He won't get *her* step! Will she try to catch *his*?
As soon shall small beer take the sparkle of fizz.

Is she "soothing the Bear"—with a show of lip-honey?
Is he flattering the Bee—with an eye on the hive?
Sting hidden, claws sheathed—for how long? Well, 'tis funny,
This queer little game, whilst they keep it alive!
Dance-partnership is not "for better for worse,"
And "union of hearts" sometimes smacks of—the purse.

"Twos and Threes" is a game to the playground familiar!
"Two's Company!" Yes, so, in this case, are Three!
Alliances frequently made willy-nilly are
Dual *or* Triple. The Eagles we see
Foregather; so may they not meet—in the dance—
The Big Northern Beast and the Beauty of France?

ANGELS.

I WONDER if you give your mind
At all to angels. "Which?" you say?
Why, angels of the hymn-book kind,
Not imitation ones in clay.

I often do. They fascinate
My fancy to a strange degree;
And meditating much of late
There came two serious points to me.

You notice in the Holy Writ
Angels are never feminine;
But, wheresoever they may flit,
He came, *he* spake, *he* gave the sign.

The men who wrote of them were sage,
And knew their subject out and out;
But *we* live in a wicked age,
That twists the angels' sex about.

And painters paint them girls. And then
The question sets one's brains afire—
Why choristers on earth are men,
If women form the heavenly choir?

And if they *do* paint here or there
A man among the cherubim,
I claim to know why not a hair
May grow upon the face of him?

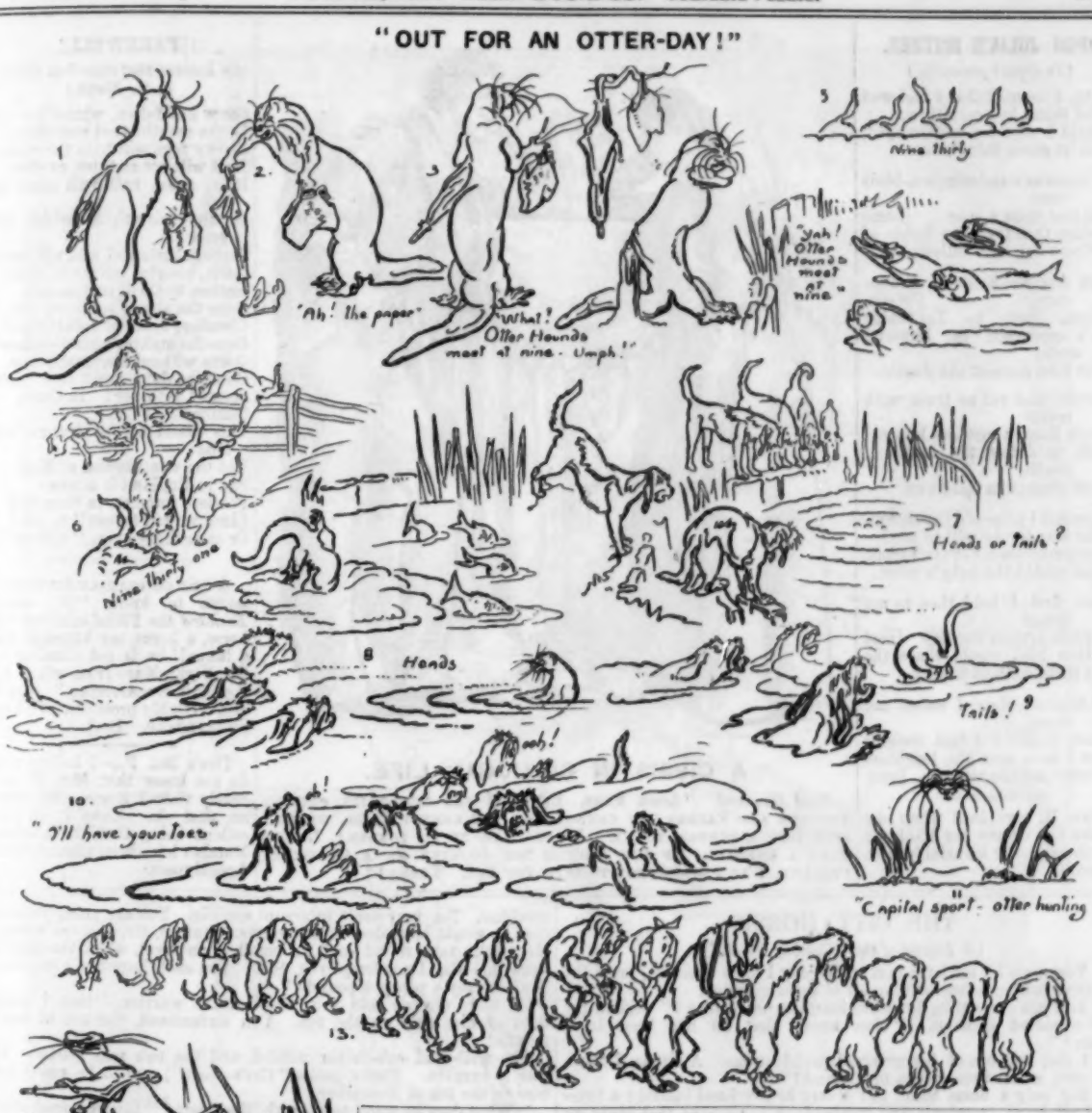
I know the Roman Church decreed
"A priest shall wear a shaven face."
But what of angels? There indeed
Razor and strop seem out of place.

Then why this hairless cheek and chin?
I ask, and Echo answers Why?
Have angel-cheeks no roots within?
—Here comes my keeper. So, good-bye!

RECKLESS.—"Mr. ALLEN, Senator of Albraska, a prominent silverite, spoke for fifteen hours." "Speech is silver. Silence golden." If all silverites go on at this length, there 'll be no silence, *ergo*, no gold. Q. E. D.

"L'UNION FAIT LA—FARCE!"

"OUT FOR AN OTTER-DAY!"



MY PRETTY JANE AT A LATER SEASON.

(Respectfully submitted for the consideration of Mr. Bims Reeves.)

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane,
You still, you still are looking shy!
You never met me in the evening
When the bloom was on the rye.
The year is waning fast, my love;
The leaves are in the sere;
The fog-horns now are humming, love;
And the moonshine's "moonshine," dear.
But, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
I never will "say die";—
Come, meet me, meet me in our parlour,
Where the bloom is on the fly.

Just name your day, that mother may
Produce her best in china things,
And stop you man in apron white, [rings.
Whose muffin-bell, whose muffin-bell now
The year is waning fast, &c.

"A Triple Bill."—"The Home Rule Bill," said Mr. Chamberlain to his American friends, "is not scotched. It is killed." Of course our Joe knows that were it "scotched" it would be only "half kilt." But the idea of an Irish Bill being Scotched! Our only Joe might have added that it was "Welsh'd" in the Lords.

Phœbus, what a Name!—Sir Comer Petheram, Chief Justice of Bengal, is coming home. Welcome, Sir Home-Comer Petheram. Or, why not Sir Homer Petheram for short?

TO A YOUNG COUNTRY FRIEND, AGED SEVEN.

(Who whistled of Monte Carlo not wisely, but too well.)

Sweet youth! I wonder if you'll feel much pain
To know that that sweet soul-inspiring strain
You whistle at so wonderful a rate
Is now in point of fact quite out of date.
Down in the country pr'aps you hardly know
At what a pace these street-songs come and go.
At present you're a day behind the fair,
And want (as I myself) a change of air.
You should protest you're being driven crazy
By waiting for the answer of fair Daisy;
Or else ask sadly what was she to do
Who, "silly girl," got taken on to Crewe.
Whistle *that* charming ditty, if you must,
Until, (forgive the phrase) until you bust,
But do *not* whistle, if you wish to rank
As in the know, "*The Man who broke the Bank.*"

UPON JULIA'S MOTHER.

(To depart presently.)

Julia, I deemed that I had wed
Not thine, but only thee;
A child I wept my mother sped,
Thou 'st given thine to me.

She came as wandering sea-birds come
To rest upon a spar [home
Of ships that trail the lights of
Where homeless billows are.

From Aix-les-Bains to Harrogate, [Wells,
From Bath to Tunbridge
She 's sojourned in Imperial state,
Yet here content she dwells.

Content—and yet no truce with truth
Such Roman mothers know;
Quick to detect the faults of youth,
And prompt to tell us so.

I knew not I possess'd the charms
Her wandering will to bind,
To keep me from my Julia's arms,
And mould the baby's mind.

When first I held thee to my breast
I little dreamt the day [nest
Another bird would share the
As there content to stay.

Thy kindred, dear, I wooed not them,
Such wealth I 'd fain resign;
Since I have won the brightest
I covet not the mine. [gem

Mrs. R. says that when she thinks the drains are likely to be offensive she invariably uses "bucolic."

A CRISIS IN CONJUGAL LIFE.

Fond Husband. "Look here, Ethel, I see you daily getting Thinner and Paler; you cannot Eat, you cannot Sleep, while I find Life a burden to me. I can bear it no longer! Let us make a Bargain. If you promise not to give me a Christmas Present, I 'll promise not to give *you* one. There!"

FAREWELL!

(On hearing that snow had fallen in the North.)

Snow has fallen, winter 's due;
In the months that now ensue
Smoky fogs will hide the view,
Mud will get as thick as glue,
Rain, snow, hail will come in lieu
Of the warmth to which we grew
Quite accustomed, and will brew
Colds, coughs, influenza, rheumatism to thrill us through.
Gone the sky of southern hue,
Cloudless space of cobalt blue!
Gone the nights so sultry—phew!
Quite without rheumatic dew.
Gone the days, when each anew
Seemed yet finer! In Corfu,
California, Peru,
This would not be strange, but true;
But the weatherwise at Kew
Say in England it is new.
Peerless summer, in these few
Lines we bid farewell to you!
Or as cockneys say, "Aydew!"

A "Shakspearian Student" wants to know "if, when *Richard the Third* calls out 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' he is not alluding to the Night-Mare from which he is only just recovering." [Can't say. Highly probable. So like Shakspeare.—Ed.]

Dear Mr. P.,—I believe you do not know that Mrs. R. recently visited Rome. She tells me that she thinks it an excellent thing that the Tontine Marshes have been planted with Apocalypses.

THE CITY HORSE.

(A Legend of the "Coming Ninth.")

"You *must* let me have him on the day I have specified," said the military-looking man, with an air of determination.

"And you order this, Sir, after learning his history?" replied the well-educated cabman. "You know that he has been in a circus?"

"I do; it is one of his greatest qualifications. A circus, I think you said, where there was a brass band?"

"Not only a brass band, but a very brassy band indeed; a brass band all drum trombone, and cymbal! A brass band that could be heard for miles!"

"And he bore it well?" asked the ex-soldier. "He did not mind the noise?"

"Not he," was the reply. "Why should he mind it? For remember he was accustomed to insults from the clown. When a horse regards insults from the clown with equanimity, you may be sure he will object to nothing."

"And what were the nature of these insults?" queried the veteran warrior, with renewed interest. "Did the clown push him about? Did he tell him to gee-up?"

"Why, certainly. Had he been an unruly crowd at Blackheath on a Bank Holiday, the clown could not have behaved worse. And *Rufus*, poor beast! bore it all—six nights a week, with a *matinée* thrown in on a Saturday—without complaining."

"And you do not think he would mind being called 'cat's-meat?' Not even by a rude boy?"

"Bless you, Sir, it is what I often call him myself. *Rufus* is his name, but cat's-meat is his nature. But don't you want him for more than a day? Won't you buy him?"

"No," returned the veteran soldier, sternly. "I only require him for the Ninth."

"He is getting too old for cabwork," argued the well-read driver. "He would make a splendid charger for the adjutant of a Yeomanry corps, and out of training might be put in the harness of a bathing-machine. No, pray don't interrupt me, Sir. You are going to urge that he would be useless in the winter. But no, Sir, you are wrong. He might take round coal (in small quantities), when the nights draw in. Can I not tempt you, Sir? You shall have him a bargain. Shall we say a penny a pound?"

"I have already told you," replied the warrior, "that I have need of him only on the 9th. You understand, the 9th of next month."

The well-read cab-driver nodded, and the two men parted. It was a bargain. *Rufus* (*alias* "Cat's-meat") was to be ready for hire on the 9th of November.

"What does he want to do with 'the brute?" the well-read cabman asked himself again and again. "Surely he cannot mean to ride it? And yet he desired to learn if *Rufus* were up to his weight; and when I answered Yes, his eyes brightened, and he regarded the animal with renewed interest."

And all through the day the mystery puzzled him. He could not solve the problem, try as he would. Suddenly, as he was discussing a cup of tea in a shelter, a ray of light flooded his perplexed mind.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed; "the warrior must have been the City Marshal; and he wanted *Rufus* ('Cat's-meat'), of course, for the Lord Mayor's Show!" And perhaps the cabman had guessed rightly. Only the future can tell.

A Question for Scotchmen.—The Duke of Athole announces that he is in future to be described as the Duke of Atholl. Why has he changed his name? Because he canna thole it.

A Duke cannot add to his stature a cubit,
Like the frog in the fable in vain he may swell;
And in vain does he alter his name with a new bit,
Its length is the same, though he tacks on an "l."

M. Zola is a Son of France. Around him are many literary planets and stars, and imitators, shining with reflected light—the French Zolar System. This is the Theory of *Mr. Punch*.

LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS. A GOLF MEETING.

A "FANTASTIC" ACTION.

["A young lady of Newark while dancing a few nights ago fell and broke her leg, and she has now commenced an action for damages against her partner, to whom she attributes the cause of the accident."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

"Oh, bother!" girls will sigh;
"a fresh excuse
For men not fond of dancing to forsake us!
We fancy we can hear them say
'the deuce!
We can't dance *now*; to drop a girl might break us!'

Now e'en 'the better sort,' who used to beg
To see our cards, will—or our wits deceive us—
Reflect that they may break a partner's leg,
And, choose, alas, to 'make a leg,' and leave us."

DRAMA COLLEGE.

ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES, AND PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR LITTLE BOYS,

Conducted by

THE MISSES MELPOMENE AND THALIA.

THE Curriculum includes thorough grounding in Knowledge of Life, and in High-class Virtue and Honesty. The Pupils are carefully restrained from the practice of "unlovely middle-class virtue." Severe morality constantly inculcated. Mere amusement strictly excluded. Aristocratic Department and Etiquette taught by experienced Assistants.

For further particulars apply to Mr. ENRY HAUTHUR JONES.

A PRICELESS POSSESSION.

Mrs. Golightly. "OH, I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK IT RUDE, BUT WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THAT WONDERFUL BLACK STONE YOU 'RE WEARING IS?"

Mrs. Luxor. "OH, CERTAINLY. I FIND MOST PEOPLE ENVY ME THAT. IT 'S A PIECE OF REAL ENGLISH COAL!"

Mrs. Golightly. "HOW WONDERFUL! AH, I WISH MY HUSBAND WAS A MILLIONAIRE!"

AWFUL RESULT OF THE COAL FAMINE

(*Upon an Ordinarily Innocent and Non-punning Fire-worshipper*).

Oh! *what* a period! Strikes might puzzle SOLON!
I love, in winter — having shut up shop—
My snug back-parlour fire to *semi-colon*,
Now there's no *colon*, fuel's at a *full-stop!*
I have burned coke, wood, turf, aye, even slate,
But to *no* fire myself cannot a-comma-date!

"PRACTICAL JOHN."—Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD'S advertisement, headed "Plain Words to the Public," is eminently characteristic of the author. Says he, "The prices I start with I shall stand or fall by." Certainly, as the prices are moderate, the public will stand them, so he needn't trouble himself on that score. If he be riding for a fall, and if the public won't come down heavily, let us hope, if he fall at all, he will come down lightly. Then he adds, in his own independent way, "If it is thought necessary to tamper with these prices in an upward direction" ["tampering upward" is pretty], "I shall give up this, my final effort in theatrical management" [Oh, no, don't!—please don't!!], "and walk out of the building." Why "walk"? By his own free admission he will be driven out (which sounds like a contradiction in terms), so why make a virtue of walking out. Never walk when you can ride. But J. H. walk out!! "*J. H. y suis et J. H. y reste.*"

THE BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL WORKING-MAN.

(*As described by Sir E. Arnold at Birmingham.*)

A WONDERFUL joy our eyes to bless,
In his magnificent happiness,
Is the working-man of whom I sing,
Who fares more royally than a king.
Seeing his "board" Sir EDWIN'S floored—
Hors d'œuvres, soup, fish, *entrée*, joint, game, ices.
Ab ovo nothing has been ignored
Usque ad malum, not minding prices.
AUGUSTUS might have have hurt his sight
Reading with only a lamp or taper;
The working-man's electric light
Glows on immaculate daily paper.
Go search in MOMMSEN'S history,
Then come you home and sing with me—
No life of emperor could, or can,
Be bright as that of the working-man!

"Machinery turns his toil to art."
BURNE-JONES and MORRIS at this would start.
Though the "Arts and Crafts" be with horror dumb,
A Birmingham Parthenon yet may come!
The School Board's pains mature his brains,
Masses beat classes—he 'll soon annul us.
Never went—as he goes—in trains
HELIOGABALUS or LUCULLUS.

He, should he care, can daily stare
At statues draped by dear Mrs. GRUNDY,
And ride in trams for a halfpenny fare,
And "wire" for sixpence, except on Sunday.

His letters traverse the ocean wave.
Note.—If a penny you fail to save,
To HENNIKER-HEATON please apply,
And he will discover the reason why.
Rich in the things contentment brings,
In every pure enjoyment wealthy,
But is he as gay as the poet sings,
In body and mind as hale and healthy?
In silence adept, he has certainly kept
So extremely quiet we should not know it.
Yet he "as authorities mayn't accept"
Such blooming blokes as an Eastern poet.

OH WHAT A SIR PRYCE!—Sir PRYCE PRYCE-JONES, M.P. for the Montgomery Boroughs, has received a testimonial from his constituents. That is to say, because he has been a nice-PRYCE-JONES they have made him a prize-PRYCE-JONES. Bravo, Sir TWICE-PRYCE-JONES!

SUGGESTION TO PROVINCIAL LAWN-TENNIS CLUB.—Why not give Lawn-Tennis Balls in Costume during the winter?

QUOTH DUNRAVEN, NEVERMORE!

THERE 's many a slip 'twixt "cup" and lip!
Is there not, good DUNRAVEN?
You 'll take your Transatlantic trip
Like sportsman, not like craven.
The "centre-board" against the keel
Has won. On woe we sup, Sir!
As in old nursery rhyme we feel
"The 'dish' ran away with the—cup," Sir!
The Valkyries, those valiant dames,
Success might sure have wished us;
But the *Vigilant*, our yacht-builders shames.
The "Yankee Dish" has—dished us!

TO "HANS BREITMANN."

[MR. C. G. LELAND, in his recently-published *Memoirs*, informs us of his very early appreciation of the formula, "I am I—I am myself—I myself I."]

YOU, from mirth to logic turning,
Doubly proved yourself the right man,
By your wondrous breadth of learning,
For the title of "der Breitmann."
Yes, the lore and fun within you
Show us yearly greater reasons
Why we wish you to continue
Quite yourself for farther seasons.

APPOINTED BY SPECIAL ROYAL WARRANT

SOAP MAKERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

See smiling faces all around,
Wherever "SUNLIGHT SOAP" is found.

WITH "SUNLIGHT" TO HELP YOU

there should be nothing alarming in a large wash.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

saves time, saves labour, and saves your clothes. By its use the many annoyances and troubles incident to an old-fashioned wash-day are entirely done away with.

We will not ask you to take our word for it, but we do ask you to give it a trial.

OF ALL DEALERS.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'
PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.
Iron Consolidated Frames, Patent Check Actions, &c.
Are for Sale, Hire, and on the Three Years' System.
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS,
18, 20, and 22, Wigmore Street, London, W.

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BEDFORD
HYDRAULIC PRESSES.

TO SMOKERS.
FLOR DE DINDIGUL, a medium mild INDIAN CIGAR, of exquisite flavour and aroma. "Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs."—World, Dec. 9, 1891. Boxes of 100, 22s. and 20s. (two sizes). Samples (4 and 5), 1s., post free (2 stamps). BEWLAY, 49 & 74, Strand, & 143, Cheapside, London. Est. 1760.

Borwick's Baking Powder. THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY. PERFECTLY PURE AND FREE FROM ALUM.

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TAKE
GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES act, by inhalation and absorption, directly upon the respiratory organs:

THE LARYNX, BRONCHIA, LUNGS, &c.,

and are invaluable for

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Hoarseness, Catarrh, Asthma, &c., &c.

Their EFFECT is INSTANTANEOUS.

NO NARCOTIC INGREDIENTS.

Price per case, with directions for use, 1/1½d.

Can be ordered through any Chemist, or sent post free on receipt of price, by the

WHOLESALE DEPOT FOR GREAT BRITAIN:
FASSETT & JOHNSON, 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Table Schweppe's Waters

Continue to be supplied to Her Majesty the Queen.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS OF BOTH RED AND BROWN LABELS.

SAVE YOUR LIVES BY TAKING

OWBRIDGE'S LUNG TONIC.

THE MIGHTY HEALER.
It has a power over disease hitherto unknown in medicine,
HAVE YOU A COUGH?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.
HAVE YOU A COLD?
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.
Bronchitis and Asthma it relieves instantly. The Spasms of Whooping Cough become less with each dose of the medicine.

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

'K' BOOTS

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.

GOLD MEDAL
International Health Exhibition.

BENGER'S FOOD

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected."—*London Medical Record.*

In Tins—1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., of all Chemists, &c.

Allen & Hanbury's
Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/.

"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty. . . . Possesses all the advantages claimed for it."—*Lancet.*

Linen Lasts Longer.
Your Clothes beautifully sweet, wholesome, lily-white, and fresh as sea breezes if soaked and washed with
HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP
OR
HUDSON'S DRY SOAP.
☞ *Shirt Cuffs will not be frayed or Collars jagged if Hudson's is always used.*

C. Brandauer & Co's
Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, **BIRMINGHAM.**

By Royal Warrants of Appointment to H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. The Princess of Wales, H.I.M. The Empress Frederick, &c.

EGERTON BURNETT'S
ROYAL SERGES
AND
HIGH-CLASS DRESS MATERIALS
FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER,

Comprise a large and choice collection of HOPSACKS, WHIPCORD AMAZONS, and all the latest novelties for the present season, for

LADIES', CHILDREN'S, AND GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

Goods Packed for Exportation. New Patterns Post Free. Any Length Sold. Carriage Paid on orders of 20s. and above to any part of the United Kingdom. Mention this Paper.

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